

# Good Morning 580

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

★  
TEA-TIME  
GOSSIP  
FOR STO.  
LEONARD  
BAILEY  
★



## Trainer Frankie has Cert. Success Recipe

MANY brilliant men have studied the Turf and have wondered how to make money in what is at once the world's biggest £ s. d. game with the widest possible opportunities of trial and error.

Many have tried, but few have succeeded, and yet Mr. Frank Butters seems to have struck an invincible recipe. In 1944 his string of eighteen



Famous trainer Frank Butters

winning horses won 34 races, to the value of £17,585 in prizes, and brought him once more to the top of the winning trainers' list. And this is merely a war-time ration of fame and success to Frankie.

I have known him in a peace-time year win up to £90,000 in prize-money—a sure proof that racing isn't always a mug's game for everyone.

Frank Butters was nearly forty when he had to make a fresh start. This was after the last war, and he had been practically a prisoner in Austria for the duration, an ordeal that had swallowed most of his savings.

He began right there on the

R. A. KEMP in the first of a series of articles on 'Secrets of the Stables' takes you to Newmarket to meet the trainer who shook hands with the Aga Khan—  
**Frank Butters**

spot, training Austrian animals as his father, old Joe Butters, had done before him. Yet he was choosy.

He had a theory that it was no good for the right trainer to be mixed up with the wrong horses; and soon his horses were winning hundreds of races in Austria and Italy.

He was fast making a reputation, but in the wrong coun-

tries. He kicked footloose again as his father, old Joe Butters, and became associated with Lord Derby's stable at Stanley House. In that and the following season his horses won more in stake money than those of any other trainer.

His contract with Lord Derby no sooner expired than he leased Fitzroy House, Newmarket, as a public trainer. At that time he had not been promised a single horse, but he

ten years since Butters opened the ball with a sensational swoop upon Ascot. At that meeting alone he took £20,000 in prize-money, and walked away with one-third of all the races!

The bookies were so sure that it couldn't last that they were offering five to one against the Aga Khan-and-Butters combination winning the Derby with Bahram the following year. But when Butters continued winning, all through the season they tightened their odds to five to four.

It proved to be the famous "hat trick" year, when Bahram won the Derby, the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger.

Positive that equivalent suc-



Three of Butters' "hopes" take exercise in the stable yard.

## Home Town News

YOU can find scores of instances in Wales of Old Timers who have been doing a fine job of work on the home front. They include veteran Home Guards who served in the Boer war and 80 odd years old Special Constables who have never missed a war beat.

But the palm for a record at the other end of the scale goes to ten-year-old Jean Vick, daughter of Lance-Sergt. and Mrs. Vick of Pitman-street, Cardiff. She holds a fine record for voluntary service. Jean has been a Red Cross fan since she was a tiny mite.

Now she has completed the winning of every Red Cross certificate available to the young. And every Saturday she conducts a child's school of bandaging at St. Catherine's School-room, Canton. She even gives a hand helping with odd jobs among the wounded in Welsh hospitals.

**MOTOR SPEEDWAY.** Civic fathers in South Wales and Monmouthshire are planning to secure Government approval for a mighty motor speedway-road, to link up London with West Wales.

It will start, on the Welsh side, from the proposed new Severn bridge and pass through wonderful scenery in Monmouthshire and Glamorgan to go on to the noted West Wales coast.

Jobs for many thousands for two to three years will be found on this new road.

**EXPERT BAFLED.** W. J. Gough, prominent motor trader in South Wales is a character in Cardiff where for many years he has kept a cheery smile despite the fact that he has to hobble about on two sticks.

He recently went to a lecture at the Rotary Club where a noted expert on timber gave an intriguing discourse.

"W.J." went up to him afterwards and asked him if he could say what wood his "sticks" were made of. The expert had to confess himself baffled.

Actually they are made of giant cabbage stalks grown in the Channel Islands, where they thicken and become extraordinary tough. He has had these sticks for 25 years and they look good for a century.

was talking of his plans with many big racing men.

**AMBITIOUS PLANS.**

He confided them to me one day. He was proposing nothing less than the erection of the greatest edifice ever contemplated in racing. He wanted one or two owners to share with him in the greatest combination of race-winning and breeding material ever sheltered under one roof.

He was out for nothing but the best—a marshalling of hitherto inconceivable classic superiority that would clean-sweep the courses.

He secured his greatest patron when he and the Aga Khan shook hands on a deal.

I wonder how many lucky backers realised that these two were steadily building up a team of champions? It is just

cess was a mathematical improbability, the bookies quoted 100 to 8 on the Butters-trained but wily Mahmoud the next year. Butters smiled, but kept silent. Mahmoud won the Derby in record time!

In eight seasons, in fact, Butters won nearly half a million pounds in stake money for his owners.

But for the war, the sum would have topped £1,000,000. Yet racing—even in an exceptional partnership such as that of the Aga Khan and Butters—still remains a matter of "ifs" and "buts."

In Mahmoud's remarkable year, another Butters horse was actually placed second in the same Derby.

**COME ON, SHAHALI!**

The same thing might have happened with Bahram, for another horse, Shahali, had piled up success on success for the Aga

Shahali was thought to be a weakling when he was born, and was never entered for the Derby. Such are the freaks of fate thrown into the mesh of the best-laid plans of mice and men.

Umidwar, too, might have given Frank Butters a Derby three years running except by a small mischance. The colt hurt himself one night as he tried to rise after lying down to rest in his box.

We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1

"GOOD MORNING" caught your Mother and cousin Isobel, Stoker Leonard Bailey, having a good old gossip over a cup of tea and cake one afternoon at 43 Burbury Street, Hockley. But your Mother soon "squared us" with a cup of tea, and we got down to digging out the family news for you.

Your sister Doris, her husband, and baby Dennis are all fine. Your mother said Dennis is now a fine little chap, and he will be three in April. She was talking about Dennis so much she almost forgot to mention your Dad. But he's keeping well.

Cousin Joan is now engaged. Your Mother and Dad went to her engagement party. They have had a letter from Stan, who is now in India.

By the way, your Mother told us she has now lived in your house for 33 years. It was spotlessly clean, and looked so very cosy when we were there.

Roy next door is always asking about you—he's now courting strong, and has a new job driving his own lorry.

Charlie the Budg. was whistling away in his cage, but he still won't talk. He's waiting for you to return, and then, your Mother said, he will have plenty to say!

The effects of that slight injury probably cost thousands of pounds in stakes.

The greatest Butters drama I have ever known was in 1937, when he still had a chance of taking the Derby prize for the third year running. Sure enough, a furlong from the winning post, the crowd yelled at the sight of Le Grand Duc—an Aga Khan and Butters horse—right in front.

Smirke was up, and he had

to let the horse go all out or else risk being shut in. Alas! the horse could not quite carry through to the end.

Yet it was a Butters Derby after all, for the 100-7 winner was Mid-day Sun, trained by Mr. Fred Butters at Kingsclere.

Well, Freddy is Frankie's brother, reared in the same sterling tradition. So do you wonder if racegoers looked sour that year at the question, "What's in a name?"

## SAGA OF THE LIGHTSHIP

GREAT progress has been made in the development of our post-war lightships. With some of Britain's greatest scientists assisting them, Trinity House (who operate the lightships, just as they do the lighthouses) have studied carefully plans for new designs and equipment.

Before the present war every lightship was fitted out with radio-telephony and other modern methods of communication with the shore, in addition to the submarine oscillator, which assists passing shipping.

Since 1939 however, there have been so many new and advanced branches of science that can be harnessed to the needs of the lightships that many of the present fittings will be hopelessly out of date.

Fog-horns, for instance, which have saved so many ships for centuries, will no longer be able to compete, say, with Radar and the many devices for navigation that have been perfected over the past four and a half years.

To operate such vessels, men of great resource and skill will be needed. There will be no shortage of volunteers for this very great work.

In the early days of the war, German airmen used to delight in shooting-up these defenceless and unarmed craft. Some men have spent a lifetime aboard lightships, son following father in many cases.

Recently, Mr. B. J. Canham, of Blackwall Reach, Gorleston, retired after thirty-five years' service in lightships. He is typical of the old-timers who spent years on dangerous shoals and the approaches to sandbanks.

Some, apart from those who have been serving on lightships that have felt the hate of the Luftwaffe, have suffered because of the war. I shall never forget when the Brake lightship, off the Goodwin Sands, was rammed during a snowstorm by a passing Italian merchantman.

There were many casualties, but those who escaped

death were willing, anxious in fact, to once more take their places aboard a new lightship.

There can be no doubt that many more lightships will be needed when the war is over. At present, because of war conditions, vessels have special lanes to use. When they are able to roam the seas at will they will have to be guarded against the many wrecks that at present do not seriously interfere with shipping.

Life aboard a lightship is less lonely than in a lighthouse, although, as those who have served aboard them in war have said to me, "It's no fun never knowing when a floating mine'll hit you for six and make you wish you'd never seen a lightship!"

Still, the six men who make the crew, under one officer, tend to make the most of their lonely existence. They do everything possible to cheer each other. Some of them have produced mats that even Indians would be proud to claim as their own. Others have painted sea scenes that have gained for them just fame.

The first English vessel of this type came to be constructed in the early 18th century. Robert Hamblin, of Lynn, engaged in the coasting traffic, noticed the dangerous sandbank at the Nore, the mouth of the River Thames.

He realised that some new method of marking the shallows was necessary, and while trying to form some plan, met David Avery, who, apparently, had a similar idea to that of Hamblin.

After a great deal of patient research they established, in 1732, the first floating light in England, assuming the right of levying tolls for its maintenance.

Trinity House were among the first to admit that it was a successful venture. When, however, Avery said that he was going to place another light in operation, this time at the Scilly Isles, Trinity House obtained a decree prohibiting the light at the Nore.

HOWARD JOHN.

# The Gaoler Lied: The Knife didn't Tickle

Concluding  
The CHINAGO  
By JACK  
LONDON

HE endeavoured to resign himself to his fate by remembering and repeating certain passages from the "Yin Chih Wen" ("The Tract of the Quiet Way"); but, instead, he kept seeing his dream-garden of meditation and repose.

This bothered him, until he abandoned himself to the dream and sat in his garden listening to the tinkling of the wind-bells in the several trees. And lo! sitting thus, in the dream, he was able to remember and repeat the passages from "The Tract of the Quiet Way."

So the time passed nicely until Atimaono was reached and the mules trotted up to the foot of the scaffold, in the shade of which stood the impatient sergeant. Ah Cho was hurried up the ladder of the scaffold. Beneath him on one side he saw assembled all the coolies of the plantation. Schemmer had decided that the event would be a good object-lesson, and so he called to the coolies from the fields and

compelled them to be present. As they caught sight of Ah Cho and the white dogs among themselves in low voices. They saw the mis-take; but they kept it to themselves. The inexplicable white devils had doubtless changed their minds. Instead of taking the life of one innocent man, they were taking the life of another innocent man. Ah Chow or Ah Cho—what did it matter which?

They could never understand the white dogs any more than could the white dogs understand them. Ah Cho was going to have his head cut off, but they, when their two remaining years of servitude were up, were going back to China.

Schemmer had made the guillotine himself. He was a handy man, and though he had never seen a guillotine, the French officials had explained the principle to him. It was on his suggestion that they had ordered the execution to take place at Atimaono instead of at Papeete.

The scene of the crime, Schemmer had argued, was the best possible place for the punishment, and, in addition, it would have a salutary influence upon the half-thousand Chinagos on the plantation. Schemmer had also volunteered to act as executioner, and in that capacity he was now on the scaffold, experimenting with the instrument he had made.

A banana tree, of the size and consistency of a man's neck, lay under the guillotine. Ah Cho watched with fascinated eyes. The German, turning a small crank, hoisted the blade to the top of the little derrick he had rigged. A jerk on a stout piece of cord loosed the blade, and it dropped with a flash, neatly severing the banana trunk.

"How does it work?" The sergeant, coming out on top of the scaffold, had asked the question.

"Beautifully," was Schemmer's exultant answer. "Let me show you."

Again he turned the crank that hoisted the blade, jerked the cord, and sent the blade crashing down on the soft tree. But this time it went no more than two-thirds of the way through.

The sergeant scowled. "That will not serve," he said.

Schemmer wiped the sweat from his forehead. "What it needs is more weight," he announced. Walking up to the edge of the scaffold, he called his orders to the blacksmith for a twenty-five-pound piece of iron. As he stooped over to attach the iron to the broad top of the blade, Ah Cho glanced at the

sergeant and saw his opportunity. The honourable judge said that Ah Chow was to have his head cut off," he began.

The sergeant nodded impatiently. He was thinking of the fifteen-mile ride before him that afternoon, to the windward side of the island, and of Berthe, the pretty half-caste daughter of Lafiere, the pearl-

trader, who was waiting for him at the end of it. "Well, I am not Ah Chow. I am Ah Cho. The honourable jailer has made a mistake. Ah Chow is a tall man, and you see I am short."

The sergeant looked at him hastily and saw the mistake. "Schemmer!" he called imperatively. "Come here."

The German grunted, but remained bent over his task till the

chunk of iron was lashed to his satisfaction. "Is your Chinago ready?" he demanded.

"Look at him," was the answer. "Is he the Chinago?"

Schemmer was surprised. He swore tersely for a few seconds, and looked regretfully across at the thing he had made with his own

hands and which he was eager to maimed bent over his task till the (Continued on Page 3)

## QUIZ for today

1. A colinda is a cooking utensil, Dutch oven, Bulgarian dance, Rumanian carol, kind of skirt.
2. Who is called the Father of Medicine, and about when did he live?
3. What story beloved by children was written as a satire on humanity?
4. What great pianist was also a European Prime Minister?

5. Why are "plumb-lines" so called?
6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? February, December, August, January, November, September.

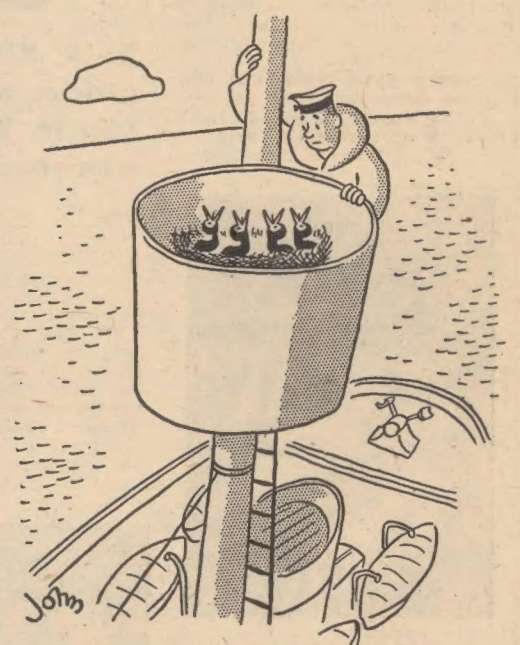
### Answers to Quiz in No. 579

1. Part of a lasso.
2. Ireland.
3. 4 pints (believe it or not!).
4. Charles I.
5. An urn humorously alleged to contain the ashes of English cricket, "which died at the Oval on August 29, 1882."
6. Magistrate is not a qualified lawyer; others are.

## JOKE CORNER



"Are you keeping count, Mathews?"



## I get around RON RICHARDS' COLUMN



TELEVISION broadcasts stopped when war broke out, but in the hope that they may be resumed at no great distant date, several contracts have recently been placed for the installation of redistribution amplifiers in large blocks of flats in Central London, work on which will start as soon as the war ends.

Each block will have a di-pole aerial, and the high frequency transmission will be passed through special cables to the amplifier, which should preferably be situated near the top floor. The amplifier will be adjusted to the number of sets it has to feed, and the redistribution signals carried by other cables to the individual flats.



AS the redistribution is on high frequency, neither the amplifier nor the wiring system should be made obsolete by any change that may take place in the near future.

The effective range of the transmitter at Alexandra Palace, which with the same equipment will again be used in the immediate post-war broadcasts, was between 50 and 60 miles, but signals were obtained up to 75 or 80 miles, with freak reception on high ground at almost double that distance.



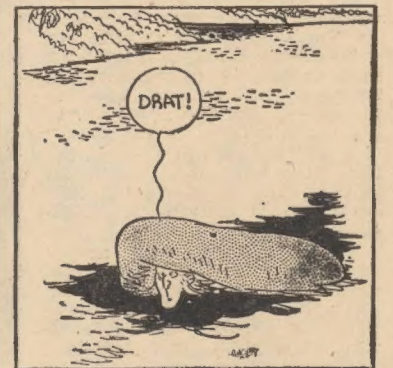
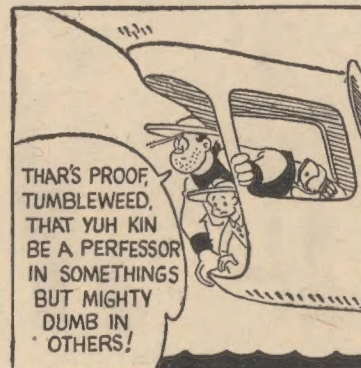
OLD boys and girls of a Llandudno clinic and maternity home—aged one, two, three, four, five and upwards—are doing their bit to enlarge the home, built as a 1914-1918 war memorial.

They send a birthday gift, and get their names and pictures into an album.

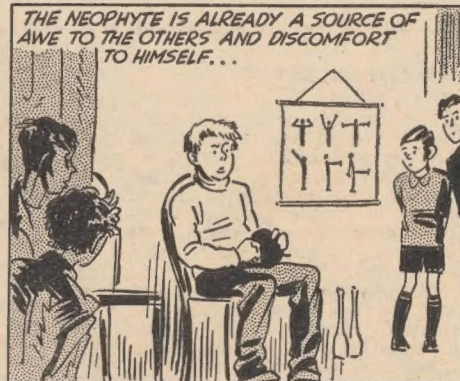
Llandudno air wardens are providing a new ward. Fire groups and the rest of the C.D. have their part in the plan to make the place three times its size, as the Llandudno memorial for this war.

Some of the factories are buying wards that will be named after themselves, as souvenirs.

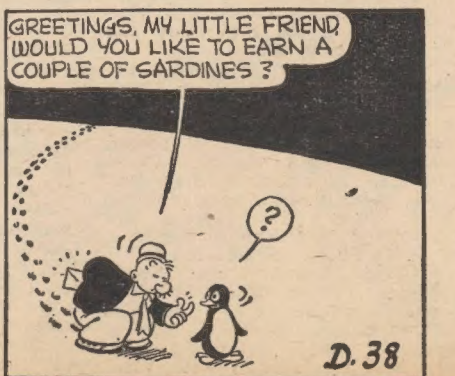
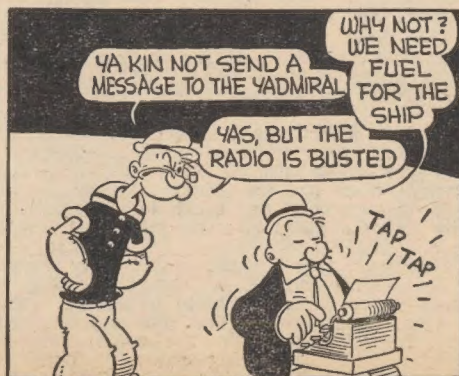
## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



# WANGLING WORDS—519

1. Insert consonants in \*\*I\*E\*A\*\* and \*O\*\*\*EI\* and get two districts in Germany.
2. Here are two parts of a shop, but their syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?  
WODONUC — TRENIW
3. If "cliff" is the "if" of the coast, what is the if of (a) Odours, (b) Rubbish?

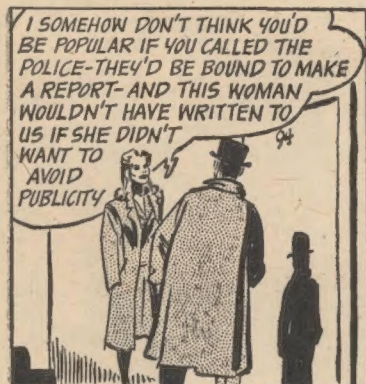
## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 518

1. PIEDMONT, CALABRIA.
2. OSLO—BERGEN.
3. (a) Ribaldry, (b) Carib-bean.
4. S-even, For-ty.

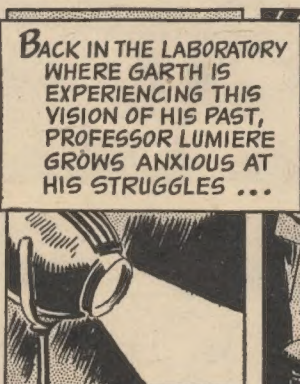
# JANE



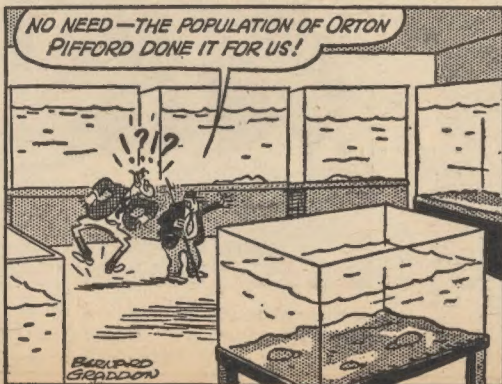
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



# THE CHINAGO

(Continued from Page 2)  
see work. "Look here," he said finally, "we can't postpone this affair. I've lost three hours' work already out of those five hundred Chinagos. I can't afford to lose it all over again for the right man. Let's put the performance through just the same. It is only a Chinago."

The sergeant remembered the long ride before him, and the pearl-trader's daughter, and debated with himself.

"They will blame it on Cruchot—if it is discovered," the German urged. "But there's little chance of its being discovered. Ah Chow won't give it away, at any rate."

"The blame won't lie with maxims from 'The Tract of the Cruchot, anyway," the sergeant Quiet Way," "Live in concord," said. "It must have been the jailer's mistake."

"Then let's go on with it. They can't blame us. Who can tell one would not do. "Forgive malice"

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They spoke in French, and Ah were pieces of work that had to be Cho, who did not understand a done. Schemmer jerked the cord, word of it, nevertheless knew that and Ah Cho forgot "The Tract they were determining his destiny. of the Quiet Way." The knife shot He knew, also, that the decision down with a thud, making a clean rested with the sergeant, and he slice of the tree.

"All right," announced the sergeant. "Go ahead with it. He is only a Chinago."

"I'm going to try it once more, just to make sure." Schemmer moved the banana trunk forward under the knife, which he had hoisted to the top of the derrick.

Ah Cho tried to remember "The Tract of the Cruchot, anyway," the sergeant Quiet Way," "Live in concord," said. "It must have been the jailer's mistake."

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But he did not complain. The hurt would not last long.

He felt the board tilting over in the air toward the horizontal, and closed his eyes. And in that moment he caught a last glimpse of his garden of meditation and repose. It seemed to him that he sat in the garden. A cool wind was blowing, and the bells in the several trees were tinkling softly. Also, birds were making sleepy noises, and from beyond the high wall came the subdued sound of village life.

Then he was aware that the board had come to rest, and from muscular pressures and tensions he knew that he was lying on his back. He opened his eyes. Straight above him he saw the suspended knife blazing in the sunshine.

He saw the weight which had been added, and noted that one of

Schemmer's knots had slipped. Then he heard the sergeant's voice in sharp command. Ah Cho closed his eyes hastily. He did not want to see that knife descend. But he felt it—for one great fleeting instant.

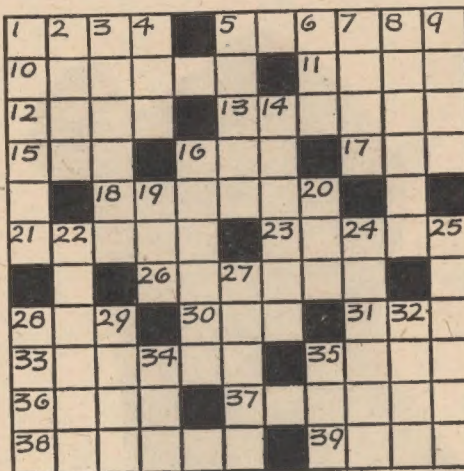
And in that instant he remembered Cruchot and what Cruchot had said. But Cruchot was wrong. The knife did not tickle. This much he knew before he ceased to know.

THE END

Inquirer: "Do you guarantee results in your nerve treatment?"

Specialist: "I do. Why, a man came to me for nerve treatment, and when I had finished with him he tried to borrow fifty pounds."

## CROSSWORD CORNER



### CLUES ACROSS.

- 1 Leg joint.
- 5 Part of shoe.
- 10 Make valuable.
- 11 Lake.
- 12 Sugar-coated.
- 13 Rub out.
- 15 Small number.
- 16 Away.
- 17 Pull.
- 18 Hard coating.
- 21 Memento.
- 23 Young sailor.
- 26 Display.
- 28 Total.
- 30 Put on.
- 31 Lair.
- 33 Bits.
- 35 Magnitude.
- 36 Indian coin.
- 37 Cold spike.
- 38 Blush.
- 39 Round ornament.

### CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Young animal.
- 2 Ever.
- 3 Tapestry yarn.
- 4 Leather.
- 5 Unit of heat.
- 6 Dwarf.
- 7 Garment.
- 8 Agreement.
- 9 Exclamation of disgust.
- 14 Opponent.
- 16 Building front.
- 19 Squeeze.
- 20 Cover.
- 22 Like a horse.
- 24 Infer.
- 25 Jerked.
- 27 Fir exudation.
- 28 Box.
- 29 Repair.
- 32 Girl's name.
- 34 No gentleman.
- 35 Dress shield.

SPANISH E  
ACCUSE LADS  
CHOCK FIRES  
TANK DAPPLE  
STEELED SIX  
T RAVED M  
DEN GODETIA  
OREGON PUTS  
VEILS TIBET  
EDGE SECEDE  
R HELMETS R

## PHIZ QUIZ



No fan of his has ever seen him looking like this. Usually it's his opponents who suddenly feel sleepy. (Answer to-morrow.)

Answer to Phiz Quiz No. 579:  
Cecilia Colledge  
(Skating Champion).

## STAR-MAN FARMER

WHEN war came, the Government had to find a man to fill an important hush-hush post on its meteorological staff.

They found him behind a plough on an isolated farm in Cardiganshire—a man whose education began and finished in the village school, who had never been to a secondary school, who had never matriculated.

They picked him out of 300 applicants, this farm-hand with a spare-time passion for astronomy. He is Mr. John Richard Owen, aged 36, of Rhospilcorn, Llanrhystyd, now back on his father's farm recuperating after being bombed out three times.

He sees nothing remarkable in the fact that he reads any astronomical book in any European language without difficulty.

If he finds it necessary he learns the special language required for the express purpose of extending his knowledge of astronomy.

"There's nothing in it," he told the "Daily Mirror." "I just learn it if I want to." Straight from the village school, he went at fourteen to his father's farm, working there as a farm labourer and in his leisure time poring over his books on astronomy.

He once traced a falling meteorite and found it on a farm at Chivilog, near Pwllheli, in North Wales, 120 miles from his home.

His trophy is carefully kept in the farmhouse. He refuses to sell it.

And after the war Mr. J. R. Owen, F.R.A.S., will go back to the farm—to pursue his twin enthusiasms of the earth and the stars.

Gordon Rich

## ROLL UP FOR THE "GREAT PIN-UP BALLOT"

Which is your type? Put an x against the one you fancy, where you fancy! Any matlot adding B.O.L.T.O.P. or W.N.N.O.G. will have his voting paper thrown out!

★ ★ ★  
On our left is Marguerite Chapman, of the body beautiful, Columbia's tempestuous temptation.

★ ★ ★  
Below is "Unconscious," the dizzy dame who's got what it takes and takes what you've got!



"HIT ME AGAIN, I CAN'T FEEL IT!" His name is Samson, not Simpson, and at the age of 60 odd he invites you to hit him in the stomach with a 14lb. sledge hammer. But as Henry How, who took the picture, says, "It's safer to wait for an invitation before you take a swing at him."



Demonstrating a method of surmounting an obstacle when you happen to have a horse with you.



Demonstrating another method to be used when you've inadvertently left the horse at home.



If you live at Mousehole, Cornwall, your letters are delivered by a film star. Bill Blewett, village postmaster, has already had parts in two fine British films, "The Foreman Went to France" and "Nine Men," and he is now playing his biggest part yet in Michael Balcon's "Painted Boats." Look out for him as the old barge skipper—it's a grand piece of work.

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"Another way, of course, is to go round the obstacle."

